

THE

3

DUKE Of Gordon's Daughters.



Printed for John Sinclair, Dumfries.

DUKE of GORDON'S DAUGHTER

The Duke of Gordon had three daughters
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean,
They would not stay at bonny Castle Gordon
but they went to bonny Aberdeen.

They had not been in bonny Aberdeen
a twelve month and a day,
Till Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie
and away with him went she.

Word come to the Duke of Gordon,
in the chamber where he lay,
How Lady Jean fell in love with a Captain
and from him she would not stay.

o saddle to me the b'ack horse he cry'd
 my fervant shall ride on the grey;
 and I will go to bonny Aberdeen,
 forthwith to bring her away.

they were not a mile from Aberdeen,
 a mile but only one,
 all he met with his two daughters,
 but away was Lady Jean;

where is your sister maidens?
 where is your sister, now?
 where is your sister, maidens?
 that she's not walking with you?

pardon us, they did say;
 pardon us, they did say;
 Lady Jean is with captain Ogilvie,
 and from him she would not stay.

Then he came to bonny Aberdeen,
 and down upon the green,
 here did he see captain Ogilvie,
 a-training of his men.

O woe be to thee, captain Ogilvie,
 and an ill death thou shalt die!
 For taking to thee my daughter,
 high hanged shalt thou be.

The Duke he wrote a broad letter,
 and he sent it to the King,
 Desiring him to hang captain Ogilvie,
 if e'er he caus'd hang any man.

O no I will no hang captain Ogilvie,
 for any offence that I see;
 But I'll cause him put off the scarlet,
 and put on the single liv'ry.

Now word came to captain Ogilvie,
 in the chamber where he lay,
 To strip off the gold-lace and scarlet,
 and put on the single liv'ry.

If this be for bonny Jean Gordon,
 this pennance I'll take wi';
 If this be for bonny Jean Gordon,
 all this and more I'll dree.

Lady Jean had not been married,
 not a year but only three,
 Till she had a babe in ev'ry arm,
 and another upon her knee.

O but I'm weary, weary wandering,
 O but my fortune is bad;
 It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter
 to follow a soldier lad.

O hold thy tongue bonny Jean Gordon,
 O hold your tongue my lamb,
 For once I was a noble captain,
 now, for thy sake, a single man.

O high is the hills and the mountains,
 cold was the frost and the snow;
 Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,
 no farther could she go.

O if I was in the glens of Flouden,
 where hunting I have been,
 I could go to bonny Jean Gordon,
 without either stockings or shoen.

Now over the seas went the captain,
 as a soldier under command;
 But a messenger soon followed after,
 which caused a countermand.

Come home now pretty captain Ogilvie,
 to enjoy your brother's land;
 Come home now pretty captain Ogilvie,
 your the heir of Northumberland.

O what does this mean? says the captain,
 where's my brother's children three?
 O they are all dead and buried,
 the lands they are all ready for thee.

Then hoist up your sails, brave captain,
 and let's be jovial and free;
 I'll go home and have my estate,
 and then my dear Jeany I'll see.

He soon came to bonny Castle Gordon,
 and then at the gate stood he:
 The Porter cry'd out with a loud shout,
 here comes the captain Ogilvie!

O hold thy tongtie bonny Jean Gordon,
 O hold your tongue my dow;
 I've but one half crown in the world,
 I'll buy hose and shoon to you.

When she came to bonny Castle Gordon,
 and coming over the green,
 The Porter cried out with a cry,
 yonder comes our lady Jean.

You are welcome bonny Jean Gordon;
 you are dearly welcome to me;
 Thou art welcome dear Jean Gordon,
 but away with your Ogilvie.

You're welcome pretty captain Ogilvie,
 your fortune's advanced I hear;
 No stranger can come to my gates,
 that I do love so dear.

Sir, the last time I was your gate,
 you would not let me in;
 I am come for my wife and childre
 no friendship else I claim.

Then she came tripping down the stair
 with the tear into her eye;
 One babe she had at ev'ry foot,
 another upon her knee,

You're welcome bonny Jean Gordon,
 you are dearly welcome to me,
 You're welcome bonny Jeany Gordon,
 Countess of Cumberland to be.

So the captain came off with his Lady,
 and also his sweet babes three,
 Saying I'm as good blood by descent,
 tho' the great Duke o' Gordon you b

F I N I S.

*Printed at the St. Michael Press, by
 C. M'Lachlan, Dumfries.*